NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Ninth Page.

story, and the atmosphere of his holy office is made to manifest itself as very sweet and pure. This, moreover, with no resort at all to the usual droning and melancholy devices. It is a sensible and good Cardinal, who is not disturbed because the pigeons come to him for crumbs, rather than from any sentiment that can be attributed strictly to the soul.

Sahara is the desert celebrated in the other story, and instead of Cardinals and English lords and Irish beauties with yachts made possible by fathers in the beer-brewing business, we have children of the sun and sand, and camels that nourish themselves for days with the fat of their own humps, and people guided by strange ethical and legal principles, including the French established at Algiers. We do not know to what profound preparation Mr. Smith gave himself as a preliminary to this story of "The Desert," but we had rather read it than one of Sir Gilbert Parker's tales of the same neighborhood, which we know were prepared with an application of conscience calculated to make an author dizzy.

They Had No Use for Cupid.

A queer religious community is considered in "Walda," by Mary Holland Kinkaid (Harper & Brothers). The community is German. It is settled in a Western State. It discourages the sentiment of sexual love. It includes a handsome maiden with yellow braids What does the reader think? The Western States are not places of secrecy. Walda Kellar, established in this luminous and open country, was not destined to blush unseen. They thought to make her a "prophetess." In the last pages we find her about to journey forth with Stephen Everett, a man of fairly youthful attractions and of the world. The incident does not come to pass without attendant difficulties. These are set forth in the tale. We shied a little on page 95, where Walda is made to inquire of Everett: "Hast thine eyes been opened to its wickedness?" Still a readable story, as well as a curious one.

A Spinster's Embarrassment.

Miss Serena Vernon was a comely, placid spinster of thirty. She was tidy and neat in her habits and had a most tender conscience. She was a spinster by choice and she declared that nature had elected her to be a maid. Her cousin, John Winterbourne, said: "It is a profession with Serena." A masterful sort of chap of thirty-eight was Cousin John, and, as may be seen, inclined to be epigrammatic. Serena lived tranquilly in her own home, and on a modest income managed to dress neatly and attractively and to give, occasionally, little dinners that were described as perfect of their kind. In her well-ordered life, it is probable that nothing actually exciting had occurred until the arrival of the incident that forms the subject of Dr. Weir Mitchell's pleasing story which he calls "A Comedy of Conscience" (The Century Company). One day Serena, having sold a small lot of unimproved ground, took the trolley car to a nearby city to buy new curtains for her drawing room.

In the car on her way home she sat next to a large coarsely featured man with a red wart on his cheek, a huge shirt-pin and a glittering ring. Her purse, when she started, was in her handbag. When she reached home it was gone and in the hand bag was the glittering ring. She remembered the man with the red wart, and naturally concluded that he had stolen her purse—containing $37.50, a luck penny of 1798, and a receipt for caramel mustard—and had lost his ring in doing so. The glittering stone in the ring proved to be a white diamond worth about $800, and Serena's conscience began to torture her. What should she do with it? She decided to ask the advice of the rector, and Mrs. Helen Clare, and Cousin John. The rector thought the money might be spent on the new reredos in the church; but Serena left him—much disappointed mentally and morally in her rector. Mrs. Clare suggested that Serena should sell it and buy a Worth gown. As for Cousin John, he thought her scruples were absurd. "Rena," he said, "you want a man to take care of you. You wear too tight shoes on your conscience. You are a moral tenderfoot." Cousin John was nothing if not epigrammatic. How Cousin John settled the matter and how Serena's conscience was finally set at rest it will doubtless interest the reader to learn for himself.

Just Girls.

After the storm and stress of the modern novel of adventure it is good to recreate one's self with a book in which mere interest is subordinated. Economy is an admirable virtue and the story that is economical of incident has certain soothing qualities. In a pleasing volume with the title "When Patty went to College," (The Century Company), we have a series of chapters which concern themselves with the unstrenuous adventures of a number of charming girls. There are fair girls, dark girls, girls with braids down their backs, a most attractive girl with fluffy red hair, and a girl who was known as the twin—although there was only one of her. And there are others. And they talk. Even when they say nothing they say it in a charming way. In Chapter I. we make the acquaintance of one Peters; a short, bowlegged man with a red Vandyke beard. He is the college janitor This chapter tells the story of Miss Patty Wyatt's first adventure. She, with the assistance of Miss Priscilla Pond, took up the green carpet in their room and painted the floor black. Also, with the aid of a can of paint, they transformed three bookcases and a chair from mahogany to Flemish oak.

In Chapter II. the girls give a tea party—with more talk. As a climax comes a telegram from a young man who has been invited by Miss Patty Wyatt to the Founder's Day celebrations. He has taken fright and wires to say that having broken his collarbone at football he cannot come. Surely a foolish youth. Another chapter is descriptive of a clandestine supper party with mulligatawny soup in a tooth mug, and steaming baked beans in a pin-tray. It is all so pleasantly told and so frankly and charmingly youthful and the girls are such a jovial lot that the lack of incident is unregretted.

The Servant Girl as She Is to Be.

"Mary North," by Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer (Fleming H. Revell Co.), is the story of an unfortunate young woman deceived by a scoundrel by means of a mock marriage and thrown upon her own resources, as a stranger in a great city. The author, who is a deaconess in a charitable institution in Chicago, has had many sad stories brought to her notice, and it is claimed that many of the incidents in this book are drawn from real life. Among other matters here set forth she believes that the problem of domestic service is capable of solution and her views seem to be expressed in a dialogue between the central figure in her story and one of the nurses in the deaconess's home.

"The shop girls and factory girls. Can't something be done for them? * * * the moment one leaves her place there are twenty others struggling to get it. But those that don't get places—what can be done for them?"

"Oh." Sister Elizabeth stopped her work and dropped into a chair by Mary's side. "Nobody wants those girls—that is the overflow—in the shops and stores, but there's one place in which they are wanted. It's in housework, Mary. Think what a demand there is for them there."

"Yes, but that's just where they won't go. * * * They'd rather starve."

"Maybe they would do it if the conditions were changed. * * * I'd make housework a profession, the same as nursing is."

"Could you."

"Why not? There's nothing in housework that is really degrading—nothing more menial and disagreeable than many things in nursing. Why should cooking potatoes be so much more detested than cooking gruel? * * * I'd start a housekeeping school for girls and give them a thorough course of preparation. That's what makes the trained nurses, you know—the nurses' training school. I'd give them a two-years course, or three, or four, if they needed it. I'd make them really deserve their diplomas—for I'd give them diplomas, of course, tied with blue ribbon just as if they were college graduates. I'd have all the best modern conveniences and appliances, and I'd have the best professors—spell it with a capital P, too—and I'd have the most impressive graduating exercises, with the greatest man to deliver the address that could be had for love or money. And engraved invitations—and I'd have the names of all the graduates in the papers. And I'd have the girls dress in uniform—a pretty one, too—not only while they're in school, but while they're on duty afterward. And an authorized scale of wages. I'd organize them into a society, with a constitution and rules and meetings and badges and a society pin. And I'd publish a special magazine for them, and make them proud of their profession. Only I'd have them do it all themselves, or at least I'd make them think they were doing it all."

"But what about the other girls—the ones that are doing housework now? Wouldn't you be throwing them out?"

"Oh, no; I've thought of that. They'd feel the pressure, of course, but it would be good for them. They'd have to seek better preparation, too."

"Oh, sister, sister!" cried Mary. "It's beautiful! Why don't you do it?"

"I could, Mary; I'm perfectly sure of it. I just dream over it sometimes, and get so wrought up that I almost explode with my longing."

It seems a pleasing prospect and it is gratifying to find that Mary, after many sorrows, in the end finds happiness.

Drank to the Gray and Loved the Blue.

In "The Southerner; a Story of the Civil War," by that admirable and never-failing historian, Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady (Charles Scribner's Sons), it is agreeably and strongly set forth that Mary Annan, the Mobile beauty, loved the South, but that she also loved Boyd Peyton, the young naval officer, who wore the Federal blue. The feminine breast, as we have learned from a number of novels cherished warmly in memory, was much torn by a divided allegiance of this sort in those days. "I give you the South, gentlemen!" said this lovely girl, raising her glass of champagne midway between the snowy tablecloth, with its burden of fruits and flowers, and the glittering crystal pendants of the noble chandelier. The reader may see her, with curls and locket and flounces, just as she looked when she said it, in a colored frontispiece—and much he will be pleased.

It was a mere jealous notion of Peyton's that she ever cared tenderly for Rob Darrow. The story in its own thrilling way makes clear the facts in the case. "Save the flag!" cried Darrow as he fell in a vain charge up Snodgrass Hill at Chickamauga. There is a colored picture showing the fall of Darrow. Said Gen. Carpenter, Federal, to Mary Annan, at the close of the war: "I have something for you, ma'am." He "produced a crumpled envelope with dark-brown stains spread over one corner of it where a round hole marked the passage of a bullet." 'Twas a letter from Mary Annan to Darrow. With his dying hand Darrow had confided it to the Federal. We know that jealousy is not necessarily stopped by the incident of death. In the words of the story:

"'Mary Annan,' said Peyton, sternly, turning toward the girl where she stood with bowed head, the crushed letter between her hands, tears streaming down her cheeks, 'what was in that letter?' He could not keep from his voice the jealousy in his heart. He did not doubt the girl's love. He could not. But what had she written to this man who also loved her? There was agony in the suspense. 'Boyd,' said the girl, 'you have no right to question me in this way. You know that all my heart is yours; that my love, my life, is given to you; that I am about to abandon home; friends, country, everything, for you. Yet I can deny you nothing. Here is the letter. Take it and read it for yourself.'"

Peyton, with a nobility of forbearance which might have been expected, refused to read the letter, whereupon: "Nay," cried she, "then I shall tell you of it. It was the letter in which I told him I could not marry him, and in which I begged him to release me, and I gave him the reason." Said the persistent Peyton: "And the reason was ——?" To which our heroine: "Because I knew that I loved you, and only you; that's all."

It is certain that Darrow was no more; and we may be permitted to say that in fact and in word we can conceive of no greater reassurance to the jealous mind.

Queen Sara Was American.

The reader is herewith permitted to find out for himself the position of the country of Theos on the map. In "The Traitors" by Philip Oppenheim (Dodd, Mead & Co.), we have a stirring account of the distractions that befell Theos. "Down with the traitors! Down with the Russian spies! Down with Metzger!" This energy we find in the two lines of opening, and we do not discover that the impression is mitigated in the second paragraph, which tells us that "above the roaring of the north wind rose the clamor of voices, the cries of hate and disgust, and deep groaning sobs of fierce and militant anger."

This, in fact, is one of those stories, like "The Prisoner of Zenda," where the author, in the phrase of the Scotch Magistrate, allows himself plenty of room for scope. "Two of the important characters," says the publishers' notice, "are Americans, one of whom, the beautiful Sara Van Vecht, eventually becomes the Queen of Theos." We have often wondered, in a passing and unstrenuous way, as to the eventual happiness of these American ladies who adventure into the channels of European greatness. In the country which bred them, at least, they do not seem always to have met with that respectful deference which the scheme of their enterprise must have contemplated as a legitimate and reasonable part of the returns.

As for the beautiful Sara Van Vecht, it would be strange if she did not fare well at the hands of the novelist. "Tell me," says the King on the last page, "you find it possible to be happy, although you are a Queen?" "I am your wife, dear," says she in reply, "with a little squeeze of the hand, which seemed to satisfy him." This surely was an American touch happily administered in Theos. It was natural and reassuring. If the unpublished fact was that they went off to the Theos Coney Island all by themselves in the way of celebration, and saw the fireworks and heard the band play, we should not be surprised. In such event may it be the case that the air blew mellow and that the waiter man was competent and kind.

Robin Made a Mistake.

She tried him a little too much. His patience gave way at last, and we must say that we were glad to see her punished for her lingering denial of a heart that had well earned the right to an explicit understanding. "Then you have been making a fool of me all this time," he said on page 376 of "Robin Brilliant," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney (Dodd, Mead & Co.). With that he turned on his heel, and her error was brought home to her. We read: "She watched him go, suffering as she had never thought she would suffer. Physical miseries as well as mental took a tug at her. Every nerve was dragged, and she hadn't supposed that one small human body could contain such evil intensity of torture. The pain leapt all over her, taking a tooth or a spot in her head, lunging great mysterious stabs in her side. She watched him go—saw the last corner of him; stood alone in that eloquent patch of ground. The winter day, a sick day of every livid hue, looked in on her. She could not keep her feet still; they would and must rush after him."

As a matter of fact her feet merely worried her. They carried her nowhere. He may have been three-cornered or four-cornered. We do not know the number of his corners. As we have read, the misery was hers to see the last corner of him pass from her sight. Around still another corner was Celia, and she consoled him.

It is a good story of its analytical kind, certainly with rather intense and queer expressions. We often wish that we had a number of novels to read. In such case we could compare them and tell whether we liked one more than another. We must be content to say that we like this one. If any reader does not agree with us we shall have our opinion of him.

A Book About Birds.

Mr. William Earl Scott, the author of "The Story of a Bird Lover" (The Outlook Company), is one of the foremost experts in America in his own particular department of knowledge. He is curator of the department of ornithology at Princeton University, where a great part of his time is spent in caring for and studying a collection of about five hundred live birds, native and foreign.

In this volume, which will appeal to men and women who love nature and are interested in all the living creatures that share the world with us, the author tells how step by step he acquired his knowledge, through observation, out-of-doors exploration, training of the senses and in some degree through books and tuition. After graduating from Harvard, where he was a pupil of Louis Agassiz, Mr. Scott began his life work as scientist and ornithologist, and his volume is a curious and interesting record of his experiences, personal and scientific, in many not well-known parts of the country. The intricate habits and the development of intelligence in birds have been studied under varied conditions and in a scientific way and an attempt has been made to attain some definite knowledge on such a subject, for instance, as the vexed question of the mutability of species as set forth in Darwin's hypothesis of evolution. Mr. Scott's theory may best be summed up in his closing quotation from "The Play of Animals," by Prof. Gross.

"If the observation of animals is to be rendered fruitful for the unsolved problems of anthropology, an untried way must be entered upon; attention must be directed less to particular resemblances to man, and more to specific animal characteristics. Hereby a means may be found for the better understanding of the animal part in man than can be attained through the discussion of human examples alone. Man's animal nature reveals itself in instinctive acts, and the latest investigators tell us that man has at least as many instincts as the brutes have, though most of them have become unrecognizable through the influence of education and tradition. Therefore, an accurate knowledge of the animal world, where pure instinct is displayed, is indispensable in weighing the importance of inherited impulses in man."

Some Verse.

In a slim volume entitled "The Gates of Silence, With Interludes of Song" (Knickerbocker Press), Mr. Robert Loveman has collected a number of melodious verses reprinted from *Harper's* and other magazines. Verses in which the inevitableness of Death and the mystery unfathomable of the Whence, the Whither and the Why are varied by some lyric experiments in lighter vein. Thus in joyous mood the poet sings:

> It isn't raining rain to me,
> But fields of clover bloom,
> Where every buccaneering bee
> May find a bed and room.
> A health unto the happy!
> A fig for him who frets!
> It isn't raining rain to me,
> It's raining violets.

In contrast to which outburst of cheering optimism we find, on page 61, this most melodic groan:

> Another day comes up the east
> And totters down the west;
> Another night will rock to sleep
> The stars upon her breast.
>
> Year in, year out, they file along
> Sans intermission, thus.
> I sometimes think the programme is
> A bit monotonous.

Other Books.

It is certainly high time that we should have a complete edition of Philip Freneau's poems, and it is equally fitting that the edition should appear under the auspices of the poet's college, Princeton. There may be doubts about the merits of Freneau's verse, and much that he wrote must be read with very kind feelings, if it is to be read at all, but he is one of the few versifiers of the Revolutionary period, and, therefore, holds an important place in the infant literature of the Republic. That place is perhaps exaggerated by the new historians of "American" literature, but Freneau's patriotic sentiments were laudable, and occasionally he rose to real poetry. He cannot be overlooked, and deserves to have his work properly edited. This has been done by Mr. Fred Lewis Pattee in "The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution" (The University Library, Princeton, N. J.). The first volume before us contains his undergraduate pieces and the verses written up to 1791, not the best introduction to the poet, perhaps. The editor's life of Freneau, which is prefixed, is by no means satisfactory; there seems to be a vagueness about the statements of fact that was perhaps unavoidable, but important personal events are hurried over, and we seem to get little idea of the man or of his work.

One of the most interesting of recent discoveries among Egyptian papyri has been a fair-sized fragment of a poem on the Persians by Timotheos of Miletos, a poet hitherto known only by a few scattered lines, preserved by other writers. The papyrus was found in a grave at Abusir last year, and yields over 180 consecutive whole lines of text besides seventy lines more or less fragmentary. It has been edited with an elaborate commentary by Prof. Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf of the University of Berlin, who is one of the great philological higher deities of Germany to-day, under the title "Die Perser" (Persae), (J. C. Hinrichs; Lemcke & Buechner). The professor believes that the manuscript, which is now in Berlin, is contemporary with Aristotle and Alexander the Great. That would put it in the fourth century before Christ, and would make it the oldest Greek manuscript extant. The fragment saved is an important addition to the stock of classical Greek literature.

A good deal has been written about the impressionist school of paintings in magazines and single articles, but a general survey of this work will be welcome even in the very short form of Camille Mauclair's "The French Impressionists" (Duckworth & Co.; E. P. Dutton & Co.). It was inevitable perhaps that the essay should be impressionistic, too, and that more stress should be put on opinions than on mere facts. Nevertheless, a readable and intelligible account of the chief artists is given and some idea of what they tried to accomplish. The little book is illustrated by a great many half-tone pictures. How they can convey to any one any idea of Manet or Monet or Renoir or the rest, whose art is expressed almost wholly in color, we fail to see.

From a new firm of publishers, Fox, Duffield & Co., we receive the first book they issue, the old Elizabethan morality play "Everyman," which has been performed of late before London and New York audiences. In typography, in paper and in make-up the edition is admirable. It is a good beginning and sets a very high standard.

"The Tragedy of Othello" appears in the handsome edition of the Works of William Shakespeare issued by the Bowen-Merrill Company. The editor is H. C. Hart, who supplies an introduction and explanatory notes.

W. Hepworth Dixon's "A History of William Penn" is the latest addition to the neat and pretty volumes of the Commonwealth Library published by the New Amsterdam Book Company.

Miss Mollie Elliott Seawell's "Children of Destiny," which appeared first ten years ago, is published in a new edition with illustrations by A. B. Wenzell by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. It is a much better story in construction and in English than some of the author's later tales, and in it she has the advantage of describing a country and people that she is familiar with.

The "Ghetto" has become the fashion. We have had it in fiction and in description, and some of its literature even has emerged. Now, apparently, we are to have its sociology and philosophy, too. Mr. Bernard G. Richards in "Discourses of Keidansky" (Scott-Thaw Co.) introduces us to a philosopher of the slums who lectures at length on general subjects and on matters more specifically Yiddish. The lectures first appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. In passing from the Yiddish philosopher's mind into that of his interpreter the ideas undergo a strange change. Not only is the language in which they are expressed extremely colloquial and idiomatic English, but the standpoint of the speaker becomes that of an American observer. We hardly believe that a Yiddish foreigner brought up in the surroundings of the Ghetto could look at things in exactly the way that Mr. Richards puts them. The ideas that the sociologist thinks his victims have are usually far different from their real ideas. However, some of Mr. Richard's observations are interesting, and people who like sociological talk may take pleasure in a Yiddish coloring to it.

A careful outline of the life of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, "Matthew Thornton of New Hampshire," has been prepared by Mr. Charles Thornton Adams (Dando Printing and Publishing Company, Philadelphia). It includes many original letters and other papers. Thornton's life was one of unusually varied activities, even for an early settler. He was a physician and a Judge, besides holding town, provincial and State offices during a great part of his life. His changes of residence, too, were frequent. He was one of the three signers who were born in Ireland.

Books Received.

"Christopher Columbus. His Life, His Work, His Remains." Vol. I. John Boyd Thacher. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The History of Woman Suffrage." Vol. IV. Susan B. Anthony and Ida Husted Harper. (Susan B. Anthony, Rochester.)

"The New America." Beckles Willson. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Electric Wiring." W. C. Clinton. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Religion for All Mankind." The Rev. Charles Voysey. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"Tutonish, or Anglo-German Union Tongue." Elias Molee, Ph. B. (Scroll Publishing Company, Chicago.)

"Notes From Nature's Lyre." Howard Beck Reed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Care and Feeding of Children." L. Emmett Holt, M. D., LL. D. (Appleton.)

"Wee Macgregor." J. J. Bell. (Harpers.)

"Marjorie." Justin Huntley McCarthy. (R. H. Russell.)

"The Triumph of Life." William Farquhar Payson. (Harpers.)

"The Bishop." Cyrus Townsend Brady. (Harpers.)

"The Keys of the Kingdom and Other Sermons." R. J. Campbell, M. A. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"Republics versus Women." Mrs. Woolsey. (The Grafton Press.)

"The Yellowplush Papers." William Makepeace Thackeray, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock. (J. M. Dent & Co., Macmillans.)

"The Stirrup Cup." J. Aubrey Tyson. (Appletons.)

"The Trail of the Grand Seigneur." Olin L Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Company.)

"Thyra Varrick." Amelia E. Barr. (J. F. Taylor & Co.)

"The Real Benedict Arnold." Charles Burr Todd. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

"Way-side Rhymes." Compiled by J. F. Hartman. (T. J. Carey & Co.)

"Truth Dexter." New edition. Sidney McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"More Letters of Charles Darwin." 2 vols. Edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Seward. (Appletons.)

"Shakespeare's 'Loves Labour's Lost.'" "First Folio" edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

"Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe." 2 vols. James A. Harrison. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

Whirled to Death on Fly Wheel.

John Brainey, a machinist, 39 years old, of 54 Sussex street, Jersey City, was caught in a fly wheel and whirled to his death yesterday in Alexander Miller & Bros., machine shop, at 12 Morris street, that city. His clothes were nearly torn off before the engine was stopped. Brainey leaves a widow and daughter.

BRIBE OFFERED TO STANTON?

Laura Biggar's Justice Says Lawyer Tried to Get Him to Say He Did Not Wed Her.

Former Justice of the Peace Samuel Stanton, one of the co-defendants in the Bennett-Biggar will conspiracy case, who was released on bail from the Freehold jail last Wednesday, made a statement in Hoboken yesterday in which he charged a lawyer representing the contestants with having tried to bribe him to deny that he had married Laura Biggar to the old millionaire.

"He offered $10,000 and a trip to Europe if I would testify that the ceremony had not taken place," said Stanton. "I refused to perjure myself, and the lawyer assured me that I would go to jail. I consider the verdict of the Freehold jury in keeping with the intelligence of the men who rendered it. I don't think, however, that the verdict would have been the same if Lawyer Joseph Noonan, counsel for the Biggar woman, Dr. Hendricks and myself had asserted more energy in my behalf. He conducted the case as though I were the only defendant and that the charges against the others were ridiculous. He pleaded for clemency in their cases, but ignored me completely. Personally, I am of the opinion that if any clemency were to be shown, I was entitled to as much of it as any of the persons on trial."

Stanton reiterated the testimony he gave at Freehold about the marriage of the Biggar woman to Bennett. He performed the ceremony, he said, on Jan. 2, 1898, in his home at 117 Monroe street, Hoboken. A woman named Anna Weber, who, he says, lived in the house at the time, witnessed the ceremony. The Weber woman is not known in Hoboken.

GRAVEYARD BURGLARS CAUGHT?

One Man Arrested in This City and Two in Custody in Hoboken.

Detectives McCauley, Reap and Deevy of the Central Office early yesterday morning arrested Frank Avery, who says he lives in Cherry street. According to the detectives, Avery put up a hard fight and drew a revolver when he was arrested. At Police Headquarters it was said that he was wanted for complicity in the attempt to blow open the safe in the office of the Flower Hill Cemetery in Hoboken on Wednesday night.

Detective Nelson of Hoboken identified the prisoner as the man who had fired at him in the cemetery on Wednesday night. Avery was arraigned in Jefferson Market police court and was remanded to await requisition papers. Two other men, Maroney and Gallagher, were arrested in Hoboken on Wednesday night and were arraigned before Recorder Stanton yesterday. The police of that city and this are still looking for a fourth man, who is said to have acted as lookout for the gang.

Inspector McClusky said yesterday that the men were among the most expert in the business.

"Avery is the most desperate burglar in the country," added the Inspector. "He has served time in prisons all over the country, and was the head of the gang that tried to turn that trick on Wednesday night."

"AUNT JEMIMA" IS DEAD.

Her Cornmeal Cakes Famous on Two Continents.

CHICAGO, April 10.—Mrs. Agnes Moody, known as "Aunt Jemima" and famous as a maker of cakes from cornmeal, is dead.

Born a slave in Maryland, Mrs. Moody while a girl discovered a process by which cornmeal could be made to rise like wheat flour.

During the Paris Exposition, where she baked several thousand corncakes daily, she became one of the features of the Corn Kitchen in the United States cereal exhibition. Commissioner Peck was especially proud of the kitchen, and "Aunt Jemima" became an international celebrity.

In recognition of her service the United States Commissioner of Agriculture gave her a public reception and presented to her a gold medal.

"Aunt Jemima" lived in Chicago for forty years.